

MANY PERSONS KILLED

Southern Italy Again Visited By a Severe Earthquake.

THE SUFFERING IS GREAT

Whole Villages Destroyed By the Shock and Hundreds of People Are Camping in the Open Fields Panic Stricken.

ROME, Nov. 18.—The details of the earthquake are coming in slowly. The centers of the disturbances were in the vicinity of Palmi, 21 miles northwest of Reggio and 20 miles from the Gulf of Gioia, almost directly opposite Punta del Faro. Sicily. The village of San Prospero, near Palmi, was almost entirely destroyed. Here 60 persons were killed. Forty-seven of these met their death in a church to which they had fled for refuge. Their bodies are still in the ruins.

At Bagnara seven persons are killed. Eight lost their lives at Mamerino and San Eufemia, being crushed to death, while many others were injured. The inhabitants of these places are obliged to camp in the open air.

Prime Minister Crispien has sent a large sum of money for the relief of the sufferers and has placed two vessels at the disposal of the prefect of Bagnara. In the Salernitan towns of Tripardi and Mileto many houses were destroyed and a number of persons injured. Much damage was also done in the adjacent province of Catanzaro.

The residents of Messina were in a condition of panic last night. They were in great fear of a renewal of the shocks and passed the night camped out in the squares of the city, in railway carriages, and on board the vessels lying in the harbor. The panic has lessened tonight and in some instances the work of repairing the damaged buildings has already commenced. Large electric lights have been erected to illuminate the channel until the light house destroyed by the earthquake shall have been rebuilt.

PAYNE PULLED.

He Tried to Give His Bondsmen the Double Cross.

DENVER, Nov. 18.—James W. Payne, a prominent citizen of Los Angeles, and the contractor of the canal supplies for the United States government military posts west of the Mississippi river, was arrested tonight on a charge of embezzlement and felony. The specific charge against Payne is the embezzlement of moneys received on account of his contract from the chief of the quartermaster's department of the Colorado, Major Atwood, with the intent to defraud his bondsmen.

The story is a very peculiar one and the particulars of the man arrested lends a sensational air to the affair. Payne has been the contractor for a number of years to supply many military posts in the West with cereal supplies. His present contract amounts to over \$20,000. His bond to secure the fulfillment of the contract are two prominent citizens of Los Angeles.

Some time ago he borrowed some money of them, promising to return the money secured from the war department. In order that they might be doubly secured for the loan he gave them power of attorney to open his mail and hold any drafts or remittances that it might contain. This arrangement seemed perfectly agreeable to the bondsmen.

Payne shortly afterward, on Nov. 12, wrote Quartermaster General Atwood that there were many men of his name in Los Angeles, and in order that there might be no miscarriage in the delivery of his letters, he directed future drafts to be sent to him at a new address. Major Atwood in reply sent him a draft for \$1,500. His bondsmen did not learn of this action on the part of the contractor until their suspicions were aroused by receiving no letters addressed to him bearing the government stamp. They instituted an inquiry and learned that one of the periodical payments on account of the contract was overdue and telegraphic inquiry was sent to military headquarters in this city to ascertain the address of Payne. The answer revealed his alleged duplicity and they took steps to secure themselves.

Payne, in the meantime, left California for Colorado. He arrived in this city Saturday night. A dispatch requesting his arrest followed a few hours later. Detectives visited the hotels, but learned the man they were after was not with some friends. Last night they were more successful and placed him under arrest in his room.

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.
Peter Birch, who had been convicted of assaulting a girl, expires suddenly.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Peter Birch, the ex-janitor of the Lafayette Street school, Newark, who was convicted on Friday of criminally assaulting 15-year-old Albertine Martin, and who was to have been sentenced by Judge Kirkpatrick yesterday for the crime, died of a broken heart.

Birch since his conviction on Friday evening has been very despondent. He continually brooded over his conviction and could not be consoled. He took to his bed. Doctors were sent for to attend him, but could do nothing. His last words before dying were: "I am innocent of the crime."

The trial of Birch was one of the most sensational that has occurred in Essex county for years. Albertine Martin, on whose charge Birch was convicted, testified that he criminally assaulted her four times.

When Birch died at his home, 38 Lafayette street, his mother, a woman of 80 years, his wife and their three children were beside his bed. Before his conviction he was a strong, healthy man.

WORSE AND WORSE.

New Old Breck Is to Go Upon the Lecture Platform.

LEXINGTON, Nov. 18.—C. D. Hess, in an interview tonight, said the report that he had contracted with Colonel Breckinridge for a lecture tour was true, and that the colonel would begin at once. His first subject will be "Ten years among tariff reformers."

Rivers Is Coming.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—Wilson Rivers, who has been selected to visit the United States in behalf of the English holders of Central Pacific securities, will reach New York Thursday.

Didn't Like to Talk About It.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—The democratic senators who are at present in this city

decline, almost without exception, to discuss the probable plans of the democratic leaders in the senate, with reference to supplemental tariff bills at the forthcoming session of congress.

MISSOULA NEWS NOTES.

Death of Dr. Davis—For McCreary's Visit—No Change in Time.

Special Dispatch to the Standard.

MISSOULA, Nov. 18.—Frank McConnell returned this afternoon from Helena, where he had been with his son, who is quite ill. The boy is now improving in health.

Dr. Davis of Stevensville died in this city at 9 o'clock last night of meningitis. Dr. Davis was well known throughout the Bitter Root valley, and his death will be regretted by many friends.

P. McAvoy, owner of Dan Velox, Glen Arthur and other good horses that raced in Montana this season, is in Missoula today. The object of his visit was to arrange to winter his stable here, but Mr. McAvoy is obliged to abandon the plan, not being able to secure suitable accommodations. He will leave in the morning.

The change in time which it had been stated would take place on the Bitter Root branch will not be made. Superintendent Brinson stated to a Standard reporter today that, as far as he knew, no change is contemplated in the present schedule.

The postponed performance of "Musketiers" will be given to-morrow evening in the Bennett opera house.

H. W. Tenney is frequenting his accustomed haunts in Missoula this week.

Corbett Gets Generous.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—Corbett telegraphed Bob Fitzsimmons tonight offering Bob financial aid if needed in his present trouble and giving the Australian permission to draw down half his forfeit money, the amount to be refunded when Fitzsimmons is free from legal complications.

To-Day's Weather.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—For Montana: Fair, warmer, variable winds.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A well-known brilliant entertainer, who has just returned from a five years' tour in south Pacific seas, says the Melbourne Argus, has many amusing tales to tell, among which is the following:

"I was ordering my advertisement in a Melbourne daily newspaper office one day," said the narrator, "when a tall, lanky countryman walked in and said he wanted an 'in memoriam' notice in the obituary column of the paper."

"My old guy died a year ago," he explained, "and I should like a bit of poetry in the paper about him."

"All right," answered the clerk, "have you brought it with you?"

"No," said the rustic, "can't you fix me up a bit?"

"Certainly," replied the clerk, "our charge for 'in memoriam' notices is six shillings an inch."

"A look of intense amazement passed over the countryman's face."

"Good gracious!" he cried as he made for the door, "I can't afford that—my old guy was six feet high."

Drew and His Pet.

About nine years ago a sea captain brought from Honduras a gorgeously plumaged parrot, which he presented to Charles Drew, an old resident of New Orleans. Mr. Drew has since moved to Covington, La., where he is known by everybody as "Uncle Charley." The parrot is very much attached to her master, who, however, has but one sure method of inducing her to come out in the garden, and when Mr. Drew wants her to come in he plays a few notes on the violin.

Before he has continued very long Polly makes her appearance and gravely takes her place close to the player's chin. No matter what music Mr. Drew plays the parrot will sit there contentedly until he has finished, when she will peremptorily demand a lump of sugar. The parrot always sleeps on the violin case, and just before closing her eyes usually sings "Peek-a-booo."

He Caught On at Last.

"But you eastern people are so conventional," said the western beauty to a Boston young man who was regarding her with half fearful admiration. "Your language is so unpicturesque. Now, I think our slang is delightful; it is most suggestive, don't you know. You can express ever so much more than you would dare to say in ordinary parlance," she continued coquettishly. "Oh, do talk slang to me then," begged the youth faintly.

"Oh, come off the freight," she responded at once with a charming smile. "What?" he answered, quite bewildered. "Got on the passenger, do," she continued laughingly. "I haven't an idea what you mean," he exclaimed despairingly. "Why, I only wanted to say that you were too slow," she exclaimed wickedly. "Look out for yourself," he cried at last, "catching on," "I'm on the express,"—Rochester Herald.

Afternoon Tea.

They were at an afternoon tea, and each held in her delicately gloved hand a cup of amber fluid, which she sipped daintily with a souvenir spoon. But their technical knowledge of tea would have made a tea expert's hair stand on end. "I like Fedora best," one of them was saying sweetly. "Do you?" said the other; "now I prefer Solong, because there is no nicotine in it." "Talking of tea brands?" asked a society bride flatteringly. "I just adore Booboo; it's made in China, you know."

"Well, afternoon tea is good enough for me," warbled a society bud who didn't know anything but real knowledge, and wouldn't bother her wavy head with tea kinks. But the hostess, who had served Formosa and Souchong and Bobas sighed to think of the ignorance that sometimes existed in social circles.—Detroit Free Press.

He Could Be Trusted.

A small colored boy who stole some zinc from in front of a new building was arrested and taken before a magistrate for a hearing. He was severely reprimanded by the magistrate, who instructed him to take back the stolen zinc, and, turning to an officer, requested that he should see that the boy did it. "Dat's all right, boss," said the prisoner. "Ise gwine to take it back, an' yo' needn't send no cop wif me, fo' I's honest."—Philadelphia Call.

Division of Labor.

"When it comes to traveling," exclaimed the head of the family, "a man has to do all the real work. My wife has only packed the trunks, dressed the children, spread cloths over the furniture, and a few things like that; while every bit of information that has been got from the time table I had to attend to myself."—Detroit Tribune.

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WORSE THAN THE JAPS

Kentuckians Who Can't Let Their Guns Get Cold.

FIGHTING JUST FOR FUN

A Bloody Battle at Owensboro Wherein Two Men Were Mortally Wounded and Many More Injured.

OWENSBORO, Ky., Nov. 18.—A bloody battle was fought today in which John Ashby, an ex-policeman, and Jack Nevelin, a grocer and saloonkeeper, were mortally wounded, and a policeman wounded. Nevelin had told Ashby and his gang to stop dancing in his place on Sunday. They left and frightened some women in a house of ill-fame by a sham fight. One of the women ran to Nevelin with the story that a man was out to pieces.

Then Ashby stepped from behind a tree and attacked Nevelin with a club. Nevelin ran into the house and he and his brother appealed to two policemen who appeared for protection. Ashby drew a revolver and fired at Jack Nevelin.

Immediately seven pistols were drawn and a perfect fusillade followed. Ashby fell with a ball in his right breast and lungs, and he is now dying. Jack Nevelin fell with a bullet in his right breast, one in his arm, and one forefinger shot off. He is now unconscious and cannot live.

Officer Stuart received a ball in his leg. All the parties implicated, of which there are about 11, are of prominent families.

LUCKY GOLD HUNTERS.

Poor Men Who Struck It Rich in the Victor Fields.

During the period of first locations among the rich mines at Victor there were incidents which form an interesting history concerning the character of the men and the peculiar circumstances under which they make their lucky finds. All of them were poor and nearly all have quickly grown from poverty to affluence, while many others now share the benefits of their fortune. It is well known that the two leading discoverers were poor carpenters—W. S. Stratton, the millionaire owner of the Independence, and W. T. Shemwell, who found the Elkhorn. Of all men known to possess wealth, Mr. Stratton is one of the least pretentious, though he realizes the benefits and blessings of fortune, and says he will enjoy the uses of his money to the end of making the balance of his life pleasant. Shemwell, owning 100,000 shares in the Elkhorn, is over in Honolulu with his family having a good time on his income of \$1,000 per month.

It is well known that Burns and Doyle were also poor young men who found the rich Portland mine by the usual chances of the prospector, and for some time were unaware of their good fortune. When they had reached a depth of 18 feet in the process of development work, John Haman, another poor prospector, purchased a third interest in the claim for \$300. After the purchase, greatly to his joy and, in one sense, to the discomfort of the locators, an assay from the ore gave returns of \$20,000 in gold to the ton. Immediately after that the partners shipped 19 small sacks that netted them \$19,000 in cash. Since that time these men have grown wealthy, and the group of mines belonging to the Portland continues to grow in richness. Many others in the district are now going through the first stages of such experiences, and there are many more mountains and hills that will some day be scarred and drilled and honeycombed as Battle mountain appears to be to-day.

Smoking in Church.

We often hear men say, in answer to urgent invitations from their wives and daughters to accompany them to church, "Oh, if I could only smoke in church I would go"; and this is looked upon as a knockdown argument, for no one in these days would think of desecrating a church with the fumes of tobacco. It may therefore be interesting to some people to know, says the Philadelphia Call, that there was a time when smoking in church was practiced in England and Scotland. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Heart of Midlothian," refers to one Duncan of Knockunder, an important personage, who smoked during the whole of the sermon, from an iron pipe, tobacco borrowed from other worshippers. We are told that "At the end of the discourse he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in his apron, returned the tobacco pouch to his owner, and joined in the prayer with decency and attention."

The same practice existed in the Hudson Bay territory and some other of the British possessions beyond the seas for some time after the erection of the first churches in those early settlements, there being a general recourse at the commencement of the sermon to the soothing weed, the minister waiting until the pipes were fairly under way before proceeding with his discourse.

It is also an interesting fact that smoking in church was by no means confined to the congregation, or even to the minor clergyman, for it is recorded that the archbishop of York was once reproved by the vicar of St. Mary's Nottingham, for attempting to smoke in the church vestry. The Rev. John Dimes of Swindley, in Lincolnshire, writing Dec. 13, 1733, to James Granger, says:

"The archbishop ordered some of the apothecaries, or rather attendants, to bring pipes and tobacco and some liquor for his refreshment after the fatigue of confirmation, and this coming to Mr. Dimes's ears he forbade their being brought hither and with a becoming spirit remonstrated with the archbishop upon the impropriety of his conduct, at the same time telling his grace that his vestry should not be converted into a smoking room."

We have no evidence of the fact but according to tradition smoking was allowable in the churches of the American colonies something over 150 years ago, but the good sense of the people put a stop to it and it is never likely to be revived in this part of the world, so that it is quite safe for men to say they will go to church when they are allowed to smoke there.

A Trial by Jury.

Some time ago in the Barnett county (N. C.) superior court, Judge Shippey presiding, the trial of a case had been protracted until near midnight. The jury was tired and sleepy and showed flagging attention. Willie Murchison, who was addressing the jury, thought to arouse them, so he said:

"Gentlemen, I will tell you an anecdote."

Instantly, the judge, the jury, and the

few spectators pricked up their ears and were all attentive, as Murchison was admirable in that line, had a fund of anecdotes, and no one could tell them better. But he soon proceeded to tell one of the dullest, prosiest, and most pointless jokes possible. Everybody looked disappointed. The judge, leaning over said, in an unmistakable tone of disappointment: "Mr. Murchison, I don't see the point to that joke." "Nor I either," replied the witty counsel. "But your honor told it to me on our way down here, and, as I thought the lack of appreciation must be due to my obtuseness, I concluded to give the joke a trial by jury."

Disappointed the Clerk.

"Do you understand French?" asked a prominent dry goods importer one day of one of his bright young men, says the New York Herald.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, now, that is unfortunate," remarked the merchant as he moved away. The young man immediately jumped to the conclusion that his employer was thinking of making him a resident buyer in Paris. He accordingly hired a teacher and studiously applied himself to the study of the language.

At last, satisfied that he could read French intelligently and speak it understandingly, he went to the merchant. "Sir, I can now speak French."

"Do you understand it well enough to converse with a Frenchman?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

"Do you know the narrow shade of each word you read?" continued the merchant.

"I think so, sir," replied the young man, expecting that he would at once be ordered to the Paris office.

"Well, then," returned the merchant, "I envy you. You can now read Moliere intelligently."

A Train Carried Off.

One of the liveliest places in East Buffalo nowadays is in the north yard of the New York Central, where the old cars are broken up, says the Buffalo Express. The road works out its old cars periodically, and, instead of taking the trouble of breaking up the cars and burning the wood, the cars are placed on side tracks and the Poles in the neighborhood are invited to help themselves to the wood, with the provision that none of the iron shall be taken. Yesterday morning nearly 100 cars were placed on the tracks, and by evening there was left a mass of trucks and iron that will go back to the shops for use in other cars. People of all sizes, sex and conditions were busy through the day with saws, hammers and axes, laying away firewood for the winter. Much of the timber was carted away in wheelbarrows, while those not fortunate enough to own a conveyance carried it upon their backs. When darkness fell upon the scene there was hardly enough timber left of the cars to make a fair sized bonfire.

Found His Match.

A very bright young man in a neighboring town, says the Fort Madison, Iowa, Gem City, received at a hotel a roast which he merited and which very properly subdued him. He was at dinner and, wishing to let everyone know how smart he was, commenced to guy the waiter girl. He succeeded in driving several half crazy, but finally made the error of joking the wrong one. "Drive in the cow," he said, looking around for the milk piches. Taking the man by the ear the girl convulsed the guests and at the same time paralyzed the stranger by loudly remarking: "Come along, Alcock; it's easier to trot the calf to the cow than to drive the cow in."

A Child Enjoys.

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\$1800 100 acres—120 under fence; open to good range.
\$2000 240 acres, hay and stock ranch, a bargain.
\$2200 100 acres. Convenient to school, postoffice and depot—50 acres under cultivation, orchard.
\$2500 100 acres well improved—good water right, 2 miles from town.
\$3000 3.0 acres bunch and bottom land, all under fence.
\$4200 100 acres. Will improve, with all the stock.
\$4500 320 acres—all under fence, good water rights and improvements.

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